

the person that sent you this

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the person that sent you this

by [luckylkeyou](#)

Summary

George finally gets the chance to come to Orlando to meet Dream in person. Once he lands, he notices an unassuming TikTok from Dream in his inbox.

"The person that sent you this thinks you're really cute, and if you don't respond to this in the next minute, you have to kiss them."

Notes

soo this was pretty much based on dream sending george that one tiktok that was like "the person that sent you this wants to have sex with you" or smth LMAO but this is a cuter version <3 this is definitely not my best work but i wanted to try writing smth short and sweet

“Are you being serious, Dream?” George asks, mouth dropped open as he stares at his desktop monitor.

“Dead serious. I want you to see you.”

This can’t be real. George can’t help the way his heart jumps at Dream’s words buzzing through his headset. On his screen is a screenshot of the ticket details for a flight from London to Orlando, scheduled to depart in a week’s time. He couldn’t believe what he was looking at when Dream sent him the image over Discord.

“Dream, that was probably expensive, you should’ve let me pay for it,” George tries to protest, but Dream interrupts him.

“It’s too late now, I already bought it. I wanted it to be a surprise for you, I couldn’t let you pay for it yourself.”

George doesn’t even realize his hands are trembling when he clicks on the screenshot to enlarge the image. His cursor trails over the text on the screen, underlining each letter while the gears in his head turn and he allows everything to sink in. He’s going to America. He’s going to see Dream, be with him for a whole *week*.

They’ve fantasized of this for years. During late night calls when George would be fighting the urge to shut his eyes in favor of staying awake to sync their sleep schedules, they would talk about how nice it would be to see each other in person, to be together and not be separated by an ocean. They’d talk about playing video games together, having movie nights and eating shitty microwave popcorn, running around the city at night and doing whatever they want. George has wanted it so bad, yearned for it, felt the ache inside him of just needing to be next to Dream. But sleepy Discord calls and whispered words could only keep the both of them satisfied for so long.

I want to see you.

It’s no secret to either of them the shift that had taken place recently. Their ideas for what they would do together seemed to go from platonic fun to something that dangerously toed the line of something *more*. Dream would murmur into his mic how he wanted to compare their hand sizes, then he would tease and say he’d lace their fingers together to embarrass George. They would both laugh it off as a joke, but George still feels the flush creep up his face and as he drifts off to sleep during one of their sleep calls, he can vaguely feel the phantom touch of a big palm pressed to his hand and fingers between his own.

George would talk about how it would feel to hug Dream when they met, how Dream is so tall he could probably rest his chin on George’s head, just so he could hear the way Dream’s breathing hitches and smile as he begins to stutter over his words like he always does when he’s flustered. They laugh and joke, but as the weeks go on their playful fun starts to blur into something more serious. George isn’t sure when Dream’s jokes about cuddling him start to cause his heart to pound, or when the funny memes meant for couples they send begin to feel more real.

“The person that sent you this TikTok thinks you’re cute”

George remembers the day Dream sent that stupid TikTok over iMessage. His face burned red and he had to put his phone down after he watched it to calm himself down. Dream has called him cute before, has made jokes about how adorable he is and even screenshots George being cute when they video call, but the stupid constant reminders always make his stomach twist up in knots. He used to brush it off as Dream equating his cuteness to how people call puppies cute, but every time he says it it seems to reinforce a different implication. Dream thinks he’s cute, and maybe not in the puppy way.

He ended up sending back a text that only said *“you’re dumb”* and left it at that.

They don’t say anything about their feelings explicitly, only shy flirting that could be passed off as joking if you didn’t look too hard. George had read online about a phenomenon that happens if you joke about feeling something for too long, you actually begin to feel that way, and he wonders if the same phenomenon occurred between him and Dream. George doesn’t know if he tricked himself into falling for Dream, but he realizes he doesn’t really mind. The butterflies he gets in his stomach are pleasant and warm, and the fuzzy feeling he gets inside himself when he sees the

plane ticket and hears Dream say that he wants to see him is utterly addicting.

“George, you still there?”

“Yeah, just thinking,” he replies quietly.

Dream pauses for a second. “You don’t have to come if you don’t want to. I know it’s kind of spur of the moment, but I thought that you—”

“Dream, it’s fine,” George says with a laugh. “I definitely want to come, it’s just hard to wrap my head around it. It’s crazy, I’ll actually be with you in person.”

George smiles when he hears Dream laugh. He bites his lip, imagining hearing Dream do his iconic wheeze in person. Even just the smallest, tiniest idiosyncrasies Dream has are always so endearing to him, it’s like he’s enamoured by every single thing Dream does. Maybe George is falling a little *too* hard. Maybe it will all come crashing down when he meets Dream in person and tries to initiate something and is left rejected, although George doubts that will happen. He has to be delusional to think that he means nothing to Dream, but maybe they’re both a little crazy for having gone this long never admitting anything.

George wonders if their meeting will change something. He wonders if things will become more black and white instead of an unsure, vague grey area. They obviously need to talk, need to make some confessions, but George finds comfort in their little game they play. Tip-toeing around each other, flirting under the guise of a joke, trying to get each other flustered in subtle ways. George loves their dynamic, yet he can’t help but want more. They’re both stuck between wanting something serious and not wanting to ruin what they already have.

“Yeah, seeing you in the flesh will be fun. We can see just how short you are,” Dream teases.

“Shut up. I’m average, you’re just a fucking giant.”

“Are you scared of heights?” Dream asks suddenly. George is confused by the sudden topic change, but he goes along with it.

“No, not really.”

“Okay, so you won’t mind if I pick you up when we hug?”

George’s brain is suddenly filled with images of Dream wrapping him up in his arms and picking him up in a bruising hug when they finally meet in the airport. It’s so enticing, George knows he’ll be dreaming about it for the next week until he finally gets there.

“No, I’d really like that. Would you do it?”

Dream splutters. George knows that Dream expected him to get embarrassed about the prospect of Dream picking him up like in cheesy romance movies, but he definitely wasn’t planning on George easily agreeing with him. It’s always fun in these scenarios; George does get flustered sometimes when Dream’s being a flirt, but it always seems to affect Dream ten times as much when George flirts right back.

“Yeah, I—I’d do that. For you.”

“I’ll be looking forward to it, then,” George says with a giddy smile.

They spend the next two hours planning out everything they’re going to do for the week that

George is in Orlando, giggling while going through tourist sites advising them on fun activities in the city. George doesn't mind going out to different places with Dream, but the one thing he's the most excited for is just relaxing with Dream at his house. Maybe they'll cuddle on the couch like Dream always likes to joke about, or they'll cook breakfast together after sleeping in all morning. The scenarios George plays out in his head are all sickeningly domestic, and as cheesy as it sounds, any time he's with Dream, it feels like home. He doesn't think that will change even if he's thousands of miles away from his house in London.

"Can we take lots of pictures while I'm there?" George asks softly.

Dream hesitates. George knows it's a bit of a stretch, Dream has never liked being on camera. He's seen his face a handful of times and he's nothing short of handsome, but he rarely takes photos of himself or even lets others take photos of him. George feels a little guilty bringing Dream out of his comfort zone, but he wants to capture every second they're together. He wants to be able to look at the pictures of them once he has to go back to England. He wants to set pictures of him and Dream as his lockscreen so he gets to be reminded every time he opens his phone.

"Sure," Dream says, and George relaxes the tension from his body. Instead, it's replaced with butterflies in his stomach at the prospect of having a camera roll full of pictures of them together.

"I can't wait to see you," George whispers. He can imagine the soft smile on Dream's face when he hears George say that.

"Me too. Just one week, Georgie. Seven days and you'll be here."

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The following seven days were the longest of George's life. He and Dream still chat on Discord every day like usual, but he can tell they're both incredibly impatient, just counting down the minutes until George boards his flight. His entire body is just itching to be pressed against Dream and giving him the biggest hug ever.

They sleep call nearly every single night. George is usually too antsy to sleep the night before something big happens, but he's comforted by Dream's sleepy voice telling him goodnight, and he manages to get some semblance of rest the night before his flight.

When he wakes up in the morning, he reluctantly ends the call so that he can pack for his flight. Dream wakes up not too long after he did and spams him with a bunch of text messages telling him to stay safe on his flight and that he can't wait to see him. George smiles at his phone when Dream sends him a message full of heart emojis, and he finishes packing up his suitcase.

The reality of the situation starts to set in when he finally arrives at the airport. He's about to board the plane and take a 9 hour flight to America where he'll finally see his friend of half a decade. George's body feels warm when he imagines Dream picking him up in a tight hug just like he promised to do, wrapping him up in his warm embrace. George vaguely wonders what he'll smell like, maybe like the cheap cologne he sprayed on one of his too-big hoodies to pretend that it was Dream's? Who knows.

(Maybe George will find the opportunity to snag one of Dream's actual hoodies to bring back to London with him.)

George pulls out his phone to check his messages one last time before he boards his flight. He has multiple iMessages from Dream telling him to be safe and to text him when he lands, and one TikTok notification of Dream sending him a video. He replies to Dream's texts quickly and

forgoes checking the TikTok notification when he hears his flight departure announced over the intercom.

Rushing to board the plane, he forgets all about the TikTok notification as he gets settled in his seat, preparing to be stuck in a cramped position for the next nine hours. At least he has Netflix shows to keep him preoccupied with passing the time.

As he buckles himself in and gets ready for the long flight, his mind wanders to Dream. He's ecstatic that he'll be seeing him in person, but what he wants the most is to *touch*. Not in a sexual way, but just in a yearning, aching need to be close to him for the first time ever. He wants to hug Dream, to hold his hand, to nuzzle his face into his neck, to stand up on his tiptoes and bring his lips to Dream's and—

He should stop before he gets too carried away, every neuron in his body already beginning to buzz with need. Just nine hours, he can make it.

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George sighs in relief at finally being able to stretch his legs when he exits the plane. His entire body is stiff, his head is aching from jetlag, and there's no doubt he's got bags under his eyes, but none of that really matters. He's about to meet Dream, and that's the only thing that's been playing in his head over and over since the plane landed.

The passengers exit the airplane and head to the terminal building where George will be able to pick up his bags. As he walks around to find the baggage claim, he opens his phone and shoots a text to Dream telling him of his arrival.

George: *hey I just landed, picking up my luggage now*

Dream: *okay, I'll meet you there*

George's heart races at the simple sentence. It's happening. *I'll meet you there.*

He easily locates his luggage and grabs it, then wanders around searching for Dream. It won't be hard to spot him, George assumes, because the man is tall as fuck. He looks around more, even walks out of the baggage claim to look around the main area for him, but he comes up empty handed. George fishes his phone out of his back pocket to text Dream again.

George: *where are you? I'm waiting outside baggage claim and I don't see you*

Dream: *I'm so sorry, it might take me just a minute to get there but I'm on my way*

George frowns at his phone. He expected Dream to be waiting as soon as he arrived, but Dream isn't always the most punctual.

He closes iMessage and starts scrolling through his phone to pass the time. He checks Twitter, responds to a few Instagram DMs, and finally opens TikTok. He sees a little red bubble next to his inbox and he opens it, recalling how Dream sent him the TikTok right before he boarded. He opens the message and taps on the post, bringing his phone up closer to his face so he can hear the audio.

The video is of what looks like a teenage girl sitting in a car talking to her phone. She points her finger at the camera and says, "*The person who sent you this thinks you're really cute*". George laughs at the video, it's just like the one that Dream had sent a few weeks prior. He smiles at his phone and he's about to close the app when the girl suddenly continues.

"And if you don't respond to this in the next minute, you have to kiss them."

George can't help the way his mouth drops open a little bit. Dream sent this right as he was boarding his plane and there's no way he could have responded in time, and Dream *knew* that, so that means— George's heart races at the implication. He could laugh it off as another one of Dream's attempts to make him flustered, but he gets the feeling that wasn't the only reason Dream sent him that video. He knew what that TikTok said, and he knew that George wouldn't respond in time.

Does Dream genuinely want George to kiss him?

George is certainly not against the idea.

He is brought out of his reverie when he hears a familiar voice call his name. George's heart thuds against his ribcage when he snaps his head up and is greeted with the sight of a very tall, very handsome boy walking up to him with his arms held open. The world begins to blur, and he can barely even squeak out the word "Dream!" before he's being engulfed in Dream's arms.

He's big and warm and soft and he even *smells* nice, George's senses are completely overloaded, filled with absolutely nothing but *Dream*. The touch of his hands wrapped around George, the smell of the detergent on his hoodie, the sound of his soft laugh above George's head, the sight of his neck as George's face is buried into it, he's completely encompassed by Dream.

And just like he promised he would, his arms grip tight around George's body and he lifts him up in the air in a big bear hug. George pulls his head back so he can see the ecstatic grin on Dream's face, and he grins back just as happily. George's legs dangle helplessly as Dream hugs him so tight, he wraps his arms around Dream's neck so he doesn't risk falling. But Dream wouldn't let him fall, he knows that. Dream safely deposits him back on the ground, both of them giggling at the silliness.

George knew that Dream was handsome from the photos he's sent, but real life is a whole different story. George is completely enraptured, he can't take his eyes off of Dream even if he wanted to. Even with the scar on his jawline, his slightly crooked nose, and his reddened cheeks, George thinks every imperfection is so uniquely *Dream*, and therefore utterly gorgeous.

"You're pretty," George mumbles, barely even realizing he let the words slip out of his mouth.

Dream makes an embarrassed face, but he's still smiling. "You too."

George can't resist burying his head in Dream's chest and looping his arms around Dream's waist for another hug. It's barely even been a minute, but George is already convinced this is his favorite feeling in the world. Dream's big hand rubs his back gently, making his heart flutter in his chest. George's mind suddenly reminds him of the TikTok.

"I saw the TikTok you sent me," George says, face still pressed into Dream's hoodie. He can feel the way Dream tenses under him, but his hand doesn't cease its gentle petting.

"Yeah?" Dream says, the vibration from his vocal chords tickling George's cheek.

"You *knew* I wouldn't be able to respond in time," George complains, pulling back so he can see Dream's flushed face.

"Yeah, why do you think I sent it?" Dream says with a grin.

George stares into Dream's pretty eyes, looking for any hint of insincerity. Dream just stares back

at him, his gaze very obviously darting down to George's lips then back up to his eyes. George laughs breathlessly.

"You're an idiot," he says, raising himself up on his tippy toes and dragging Dream down for a kiss.

George kisses him with all the longing he has been building up for months, for *years*. Every moment he thought about confessing, every giggle they would share after a flirty joke, every compliment Dream would give him, all of his love and adoration pours out into the sweet kiss. He recalls thinking that hugging Dream was his favorite feeling in the world, but as Dream cups George's cheek and tilts his head into the kiss, he thinks he might have a new favorite feeling. Dream's stubble scrapes against his chin and his lips are slightly chapped, but George couldn't care less. He's kissing Dream.

George always thought this day would come, he just didn't know when, and he definitely didn't expect for it to be in the middle of a crowded airport. They pull back and George looks around to find a few people staring, and he quickly tries to hide his face in Dream's chest again.

"C'mon, Georgie, let's go," Dream whispers, grabbing his hand and leading him towards the exit.

Dream's warm fingers interlace with his and he has a gentle, tingly feeling lingering on his lips from their kiss. As he gently squeezes Dream's hand, even if he's 4,336 miles away from London, he feels like he's home.

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